

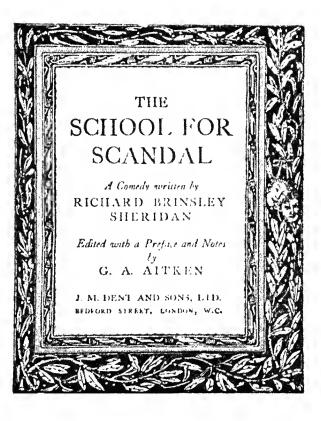
THE TEMPLE DP 4MATISTS

Sheridan's THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL





R. Brinsley Sheridan.



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J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd. Aldine House Bedford St. London First published in this edition 1897 Last reprinted 1950

Preface.

Sheridan's Life. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was the grandson of Swift's friend, the witty Dr Thomas Sheridan, and son of Thomas Sheridan, the actor, who wrote Swift's life. His mother, Frances Sheridan, wrote clever plays, and a successful novel, "The History of Miss Sldney Biddulph." Born in Dublin on the 10th of October 1751, Sheridan was sent to Harrow, where he was a favourite with boys and masters, though he was far from industrious. At eighteen he returned to his father, and in company with a friend, Halked, translated Aristznetus, and wrote a farce in the form of a rehearsal. In 1770 the family moved to Bath, where Sheridan soon fell in love with Eliza Ann Linley, daughter of a popular singer. The lady's voice and beauty caused him to have many rivals; but in 1772 they eloped, and were secretly married near Calais. This action involved the youthful husband in duels and other troubles, but in 1773 Miss Linley's father withdrew his opposition, and the couple were publicly married. It is not known that they had any means, except £3000 left to Miss Linley by an elderly lover, and Sheridan would not allow his wife to earn money by singing; but in a few months they took a house in Orchard Street, Portman Square, and managed to receive company freely.

In January 1775, at the age of twenty-three, Sheridan produced, at Covent Garden, his first comedy, The Rivals, which met with complete success, though on the first night failure

seemed probable. Later in the year Sheridan brought out a farce St Patrick's Day, and a comic opera, The Duenna, which was acted seventy-five nights during the season. Garrick took great interest in the young dramatist's brilliant success, and, on his retirement in 1776, Sheridan and his friend hought Garrick's share in Drury Lane Theatre. The new manager disappointed expectations by producing nothing fresh except a A Trip to Scarborough (February 1777), and that only an adaptation of Vanbrugh's The Relapse: but the delay was made up for in May, when The School for Scandal was first acted. Next year Sheridan and others hought the remaining half of the share in Drury Lane, and 1779 saw the production of what was practically Sheridan's last play, The Critic; or, A Tragedy Reheartal, though he afterwards brought out Pizarro, a translation or adaptation from Kotzebue. In 1780 he was elected Member of Parliament for Stafford, and at the age of twenty-nine began a new and brilliant career as statesman and orator. The impeachment of Warren Hastings gave him his greatest opportunity, when he delivered his famous speeches respecting Hastings' conduct towards the princesses of Oude; but before long financial and other troubles began to weigh heavily upon him, and, unfortunately, he fell under the influence of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), whose cause he championed in the House and elsewhere. In 1800 Drury Lane Theatre, then recently rebuilt, was hurnt down, and when Sheridan lost his seat in Parliament, he must have felt that he had nothing to hope for. was no longer exempt even from arrest for debt, and with the exception of three or four faithful friends, none seemed to care what became of the once hrilliant writer and speaker. When the end came (July 7, 1816), Sheridan was hard pressed by creditors though his debts appear not to have exceeded £4000, and the Regent and others sent money at the last moment, on hearing of his position. A few days later his body was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of princes and noblemen.

History of the Play. The School for Scandal was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on the 8th of May 1777. On the night before its first appearance, Sheridan was told that the necessary licence had been refused, on the ground that Moses, the Jew, was believed to be a satire on Hopkins, Wilkes' opponent in the contest for the office of City Chamberlain. Sheridan, however, got over the difficulty after an interview with Lord Hertford, the Lord There is a well-known story of the author's pro-Chamberlain crastination. The actors were kept waiting to the last for the final scenes; and on the concluding leaf Sheridan wrote, "Finished at last, thank God!" to which the prompter, Hawkins, added, "Amen I" it may be that Sheridan was revising the closing scenes up to the last; but, as has been pointed out, they must have been written before then, for the play had been submitted for licence, and had been read by Garrick. We know, too, that the piece was far from being a work produced in a moment of Inspiration. The brilliance and neatness of the workmanship point to painful care, and Moore published voluminous extracts from Sheridan's papers, which prove that the scenes were often re-written more than once, and that the play in the form in which we have it was the result of many experiments in fact. Sheridan had in his mind two distinct plots: one, the School for Scandal proper, called The Slanderers in one draft; the other, the story of the old man and his young wife, and the two brothers, first called Plausible and Pliant. In an early sketch Sir Peter appears as Solomon Teazle, a retired tradesman. At some point in his labours, it

occurred to Sheridan to weld together the two plots, a feat which he accomplished with such skill that the spectator is never struck by the undoubted fact that the scandal scenes have very little connection with the rest of the play, and hardly help on the action at all.

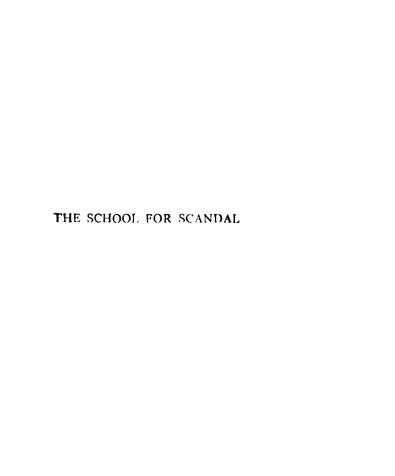
The School for Scandal was at once a brilliant success. It ran for twenty nights, until the end of the season, and was acted sixtyfive times in the following season. Afterwards, for some years, it was acted regularly three nights a week, and "damped the new pieces"; and it has retained its popularity for over a century. The author was greatly helped by the original actors. Horace Walpole and Charles Lamb both speak in the highest terms of the whole cast. "Amid the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old," said Lamb, "it was something to have seen The School for Scandal in its glory." Sheridan never published an authorised edition of the play, and when pressed to revise it for the press, said that he had been nineteen years endeavouring to satisfy himself with the style of the piece, and had not succeeded. The School for Scandal was printed at Dublin from a copy which Sheridan sent to his sister for disposal to her own advantage to the manager of the Dublin Theatre; but the early editions contain many variations. The most important of modern editions is "Sheridan's Comedies" (that is, The Rivals and The School for Scandal), edited by Mr Brander Matthews in 1885. Mr Fraser Rae, in his recent "Life of Sheridan," has announced the existence in manuscript of two acts of the play, with corrections by Sheridan, presumably with a view to publication

Sheridan's Position in the History of the Drama. Sheridan's comedies are more akin to the works of the so-called

Restoration dramatists than to those of his immediate predecessors. The revolt against the immorality of the stage at the end of the seventeenth century had paved the way for the comedy of sentiment introduced by Steele and Cibber; but after half a century the public had wearied of sentiment, though Sheridan himself introduced a specimen of it in the parts of Faulkland and Julia in The Rivals. On the other hand, Farquhar and Vanbrugh and Congreve were too coarse for the public taste, and were tolerated only in emasculated versions by Garrick, Sheridan himself, and others. Cumberland, Murphy, and the Colmans were, with the exception of Goldsmith, Sheridan's chief rlvals in comedy, and Foote and Garrick in farce. It was Sheridan's glory to write comedy as witty as Congreve's, but wholly free from the taint of Unfortunately, though over a century has passed immorality. since the production of The School for Scandal, no play has been written in the meantime which can in any way rival it in brilliance.

Sheridan's Indebtedness to his Predecessors. The writer of a contemporary satire, The Critick Anticipated, makes Young Psalter, or Sheridan, attribute the popularity of the School for Scandal and the Duenna to the fact that "there's contained in those two pieces the plot, wit, incidents, language and humour of all the plays, operas, farces and pantomimes that ever were known in the English language—aye, or in the Latin language either—as the Eunick of Terence can testify. Mercy on met what a laborious task it is to compile good plays and farces! "From then until now, writers have been busy in discovering plagiarisms in Sheridan's works, especially in The School for Scandal. One biographer said that this play was in reality written by a young lady.

who had sent it to Sheridan, as manager of the theatre, and had shortly afterwards duct of decline, but, unfortunately for the young lady's claims, the manuscripts of the play, in various stages of incompleteness, are, as we have seen, in existence. Others have contented themselves with pointing to the resemblances between Sheridan's characters and those of earlier writers. Joseph and Charles Surface have been compared with 't oin Jones and Bliftl, and a parallel for the incident of the screen has been discovered, absurdly enough, in the fall of the rug in Molly Scagrim's room Joseph Surface was a hypocrite, as were Bhfil and Molière's Tartuffe, and the Malvil of Murphy's Know Your Own Mind, to whom Hazlitt alludes, but there the resemblance ceases. Dramatists or novelists must necessarily deal with general types of character, but they can depict the infinite variations which are found in real life. If this is done, there is no plagiarism the same with incidents. Prototypes for the scandal-mongering may be found in Molicie's Misanthrope, in Congreve's Double Dealer, and in Steele's Funeral; and Sir Ofiver's return and visit to Charles Surface may be compared with a scene in Mrs Frances Sheridan's novel, "Miss Sidney Biddulph," or, indeed, with scenes in not a few other novels or plays. But it is not plagiarism to make use of conceptions which have occurred to others, so long as the setting is new, and the character or incident is improved. If Sheridan-like Shakespeare, though to a much less degree-made use of the work of others as a foundation, the "splendid and more valuable setting," as Hazlitt says, "was Sheridan's"; he gave interest, life and action, or, in other words, its dramatic being, to the cruder ideas which he found ready to his hand.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE IN 1777.

SIR PETER TEACLE			Mr King.
SIR OLIVER SURFACE			Mr Yates.
SIE HAERY BUMPER			Mr Gawdry,
SIR BENJAMIN BACKBI	TE.		Mr Dodd.
JOSEPH SURFACE .			Mr Palmer,
CHARLES SURFACE			Mr Smith.
CARFIESS .			Mr Farren.
SNAKE			Mr Pucher.
CEASTREE .			Mr Parsons.
ROWLEY .			Mr Aickin,
Moses,			Mr Baddeley.
TRIP		,	Mr Lamash.
LADY TRAZE .			Mrs Abington.
LADY SNEERWELL			Miss Sherry.
MRS CANDOUR .			Mus Pope.
MARIA, .			Miss P. Hopkins

Gentlemen, Maid, and Servants,

Scene: London.

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A PORTRAIT;

ADDRESSED TO MRS CREWE, WITH THE COMEDY OF THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

Tell me, ye prim adepts in Scandal's school, Who rail by precept, and detract by rule, Lives there no character, so tried, so known, So decked with grace, and so unlike your own, That even you assist her fame to raise, Approve by envy, and by silence praise! Attend!-a model shall attract your view-Daughters of calumny, I summon you! You shall decide if this a portrait prove, Or fond creation of the Muse and Love. Attend, ye virgin critics, shrewd and sage, Ye matron censors of this childish age, Whose peering eye and wrinkled front declare A fixed antipathy to young and fair; By cunning, cautious; or by nature, cold, In maiden madness, virulently bold !--

A Portrait.

Attend, ve skilled to coin the precious tale, Creating proof, where inuendos fail! Whose practised memories, cruelly exact, Omit no circumstance, except the fact!-20 Attend, all ye who boast, --- or old or young, ---The living libel of a slanderous tongue! So shall my theme as far contrasted be. As saints by fiends, or hymns by calumny. Come, gentle Amoret (for 'neath that name In worthier verse is sung thy beauty's fame); Come—for but thee who seeks the Muse? and while Celestial blushes check thy conscious smile, With timid grace, and hesitating eye, The perfect model, which I boast, supply:-30 Vain Muse! couldst thou the humblest sketch create Of her, or slightest charm couldst imitate-Could thy blest strain in kindred colours trace The faintest wonder of her form and face-Poets would study the immortal line, And Reynolds own his art subdued by thine; That art, which well might added lustre give To Nature's best, and Heaven's superlative: On Granby's cheek might bid new glories rise, Or point a purer beam from Devon's eyes! 40 Hard is the task to shape that beauty's praise,

Whose judgment scorns the homage flattery pays ! But praising Amoret we cannot err, No tongue o'ervalues Heaven, or flatters her! Yet she by Fate's perverseness—she alone Would doubt our truth, nor deem such praise her own Adorning fashion, unadorned by diess, Simple from taste, and not from carelessness; Discreet in gesture, in deportment mild, Not stiff with prudence, nor uncouthly wild: 50 No state has Amoret; no studied mien; She frowns no goddess, and she moves no queen. The softer charm that in her manner lies Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise; It justly suits the expression of her face,— 'Tis less than dignity, and more than grace! On her pure cheek the native hue is such, That, formed by Heaven to he admired so much, The hand divine, with a less partial care, Might well have fixed a fainter crimson there, 60 And bade the gentle inmate of her breast— Inshrined Modesty—supply the rest. But who the peril of her lips shall paint? Strip them of smiles-still, still all words are faint. But moving Love himself appears to teach Their action, though denied to rule her speech;

A Portrait.

And thou who seest her speak, and dost not hear, Mourn not her distant accents 'scape thine ear; Viewing those lips, thou still may'st make pretence To judge of what she says, and swear 'tis sense: Clothed with such grace, with such expression fraught, They move in meaning, and they pause in thought! But dost thou farther watch, with charmed surprise, The mild irresolution of her eyes, Curious to mark how frequent they repose. In brief eclipse and momentary close-Ah! seest thou not an ambushed Cupid there. Too timorous of his charge, with jealous care Veils and unveils those beams of heavenly light, Too full, too fatal else, for mortal sight? 80 Nor yet, such pleasing vengeance fond to meet. In pardoning dimples hope a safe retreat. What though her peaceful breast should ne'er allow Subduing frowns to arm her altered brow. By Love, I swear, and by his gentle wiles, More fatal still the mercy of her smiles! Thus lovely, thus adorned, possessing all Of bright or fair that can to woman fall, The height of vanity might well be thought Prerogative in her, and Nature's fault. œ Yet gentle Amoret, in mind supreme

As well as charms, rejects the vainer theme; And, half mistrustful of her beauty's store, She barbs with wit those darts too keen before :-Read in all knowledge that her sex should reach. Though Greville, or the Muse, should deign to teach, Fond to improve, nor timorous to discern How far it is a woman's grace to learn; In Millar's dialect she would not prove Apollo's priestess, but Apollo's love, 100 Graced by those signs which truth delights to own, The timid blush, and mild submitted tone: Whate'er she says, though sense appear throughout, Displays the tender hue of female doubt; Decked with that charm, how lovely wit appears, How graceful science, when that robe she wears! Such too her talents, and her bent of mind, As speak a sprightly heart by thought refined: A taste for mirth, by contemplation schooled, A turn for ridicule, by candour ruled, IIC A scorn of folly, which she tries to hide; An awe of talent, which she owns with pride! Peace, idle Muse! no more thy strain prolong, But yield a theme, thy warmest praises wrong; Just to her merit, though thou canst not raise Thy feeble verse, behold th' acknowledged praise

A Portrait. School for Scandal

Has spread conviction through the envious train, And cast a fatal gloom o'er Scandal's reign! And lo! each pallid hag, with blistered tongue, Mutters assent to all thy zeal has sung—Owns all the colours just—the outline true; Thee my inspirer, and my model—Crewe!

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The School for Scandal.

Prologue.

WRITTEN BY MR GARRICK.

A School for Scandal! tell me, I beseech you, Needs there a school this modish art to teach you? No need of lessons now, the knowing think; We might as well be taught to eat and drink. Caused by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours Distress our fair ones—let them read the papers; Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit; Crave what you will—there's quantum sufficit. "Lord!" cries my Lady Wormwood (who loves tattle,

And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle), 10
Just risen at noon, all night at cards when threshing
Strong tea and scandal—"Bless me, how refreshing!

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Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free! [Sips. Last night Lord L. [Sips] was caught with Lady D. For aching heads what charming sal volatile! [Sips. If Mrs B. will still continue flirting, We hope she'll DRAW, or we'll UNDRAW the curtain. Fine satire, poz—in public all abuse it, But, by ourselves [Sips], our praise we can't refuse it.

Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and star:"

"Yes, ma'am—A certain lord had best beware,
Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor Square;
For, should he Lady W. find willing,
Wormwood is bitter"——"Oh! that's me! the
villain!

Throw it behind the fire, and never more Let that vile paper come within my door."

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;

Po reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.

Is our young bard so young, to think that he

Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?

Knows he the world so little, and its trade?

Alas! the devil's sooner raised than laid.

So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging:

Cut Scandal's head off, still the tongue is wagging.

Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestowed,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road:
To show his gratitude he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in his den.
For your applause all penis he would through—
He'll fight—that's write—a cavalliero true,
Till every drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.

Act First.

Scene I

Lady Sneerwell's Dressing-room.

Lady Sneerwell discovered at her toilet; Snake drinking chocolate.

Lady Sneer. The paragraphs, you say, Mr Snake, were all inserted?

Snake. They were, madam; and, as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

Lady Sneer. Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

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Snake. That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs Clackitt's ears within four-and-twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

Lady Sneer. Why, truly, Mrs Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

Snake. True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge, she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons being disinherited; of four forced elopements, and as many close confinements; nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a tête-à-tête in the "Town and Country Magazine," when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

Lady Sneer. She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

Snake. 'Tis very true. She generally designs well, has a free tongue and a bold invention; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of

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tint, and mellowness of sneer, which distinguish your ladyship's scandal.

Lady Sneer. You are partial, Snake.

Snake. Not in the least; every body allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or look than many can with the most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

Lady Sneer. Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. Wounded myself, in the early part of my life, by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own reputation.

Snake. Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady
Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you
have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, 50
I am at a loss to guess your motives.

Lady Sneer. I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbour, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

Snake. I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the

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most amiable character, and universally well spoken of-the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, 60 without friends or character: the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship, and apparently your favourite; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr Surface; and more so why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

Lady Sneer. Then, at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr Surface and me.

Snake. No!

Lady Sneer. His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune; but, finding in his brother a favoured 80 rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

Snake. Yet still I am more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

Lady Sneer. Heavens! how dull you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess that Charles—that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation—that he it is for whom I am thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice every thing?

Snake. Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent: but how came you and Mr Surface so confidential?

Lady Sneer. For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious—in short, a sentimental knave; while with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes 100 for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

Snake. Yes; yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England; and, above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

Lady Sneer. True; and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy he has brought Sir

Peter entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house—though, I fear, he has a powerful one 110 in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr Surface.

Lady Sneer. Show him up. [Exit Servant.] He generally calls about this time. I don't wonder at people giving him to me for a lover.

Enter Joseph Surface.

- Jos. Surf. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr Snake, your most obedient.
- Lady Sneer. Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment, but I have informed him of 120 our real views. You know how useful he has been to us; and, believe me, the confidence is not ill-placed.
- Jos. Surf. Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr Snake's sensibility and discernment.
- Lady Sneer. Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria—or, what is more material to me, your brother.

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- Jos. Surf. I have not seen either since I left you; 130 but I can inform you that they never meet.

 Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.
- Lady Sneer. Ah, my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you. But do your brother's distresses increase?
- Jos. Surf. Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed any thing I have ever heard of.

Lady Sneer. Poor Charles!

- Jos. Surf. True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one can't help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not share in the distresses of a brother, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves——
- Lady Sneer. O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.
- Jos. Surf. Egad, that 's true! I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter. However, it is certainly a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who if he is to be reclaimed, can be

so only by a person of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

Snake. I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming: I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you. Mr Surface, your most obedient.

.lor. Surf. Sir, your very devoted.—[Exit Snake.] 160
Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put
any farther confidence in that fellow

Lady Sneer. Why so?

Jos. Surf. I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

Lady Sneer. And do you think he would betray us?

Jos. Surf. Nothing more likely: take my word
for 't. Lady Sneerwell, that fellow hasn't virtue 170
enough to be faithful even to his own villany.

Ah, Maria!

Enter Maria.

Lady Sneer. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

Mar. Oh! there's that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipped out, and ran hither to avoid them. Lady Sneer. Is that all?

- Jos. Surf. If my brother Charles had been of the 180 party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.
- Lady Sneer. Nay, now you are severe; for 1 dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard you were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you should avoid him so?
- Mar. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual liber on all his acquaintance.
- los. Surf. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no 190 advantage in not knowing him; for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend: and his uncle's as bad.
- Lady Sneer. Nay, but we should make allowance; Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.
- Mar. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr Surface?
- Jos. Surf. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to 200 become a principal in the mischief.
- Lady Sneer. Psha! there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of

- a good thing is the barb that makes it stick. What's your opinion, Mr Surface?
- Jos. Surf. To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.
- Mur. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always 210 contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Re-enter Servant.

- Ser. Madam, Mrs Candour is below, and, if your ladyship's as loisure, will leave her carriage.
- Lady Sneer. Beg her to walk in.—[Exit Servant.]
 Now, Maria, here is a character to your taste;
 for, though Mrs Candour is a little talkative, 220
 every body allows her to be the best natured
 and best sort of woman.
- Mar. Yes, with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malics of old Crabtree.
- Jos. Surf. I' faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the

characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady Sneer. Hush !-here she is !

Enter Mrs Candour.

Mrs Can. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Jos. Surf. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs Can. Oh, Maria! child,—what, is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Mar. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little

to do.

Mrs Can. True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Mar. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

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Mrs Can. Very true, child: but what 's to he done?

People will talk—there 's no preventing it.

Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss

Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt.

But, Lord! there 's no minding what one hears;
though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

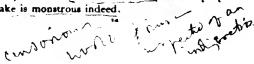
Mar. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs Can. So they are, child—shameful, shameful!
But the world is so censorious, no character 200 escapes. Lord, now who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion! Yet such is the ill nature of people, that they say her uncle stopped her last week, just as she was stepping into the York Mail with her dancing-masser.

Mar. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs Can. Ah, no foundation in the world, I date sweat; no more, probably, than for the story 270 circulated last month, of Mrs Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino—though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Jos. Surf. The licence of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.



Mar. 'Tis so; but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs Can. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers-'tis an old observation. and a very true one: but what's to be done, 280 as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs Clackitt assured me, Mr and Mrs Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain widow, in the next street, had got rid of her dropsy and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed, that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of 290 no extraordinary fame; and that Sir Harry Bouquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation. But, Lord, do you think I would report these things! No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Jos. Surf. Ah! Mrs Candour, if every body had your forbearance and good nature!

Mrs Can. I confess, Mr Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and 300

when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Jos. Surf. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs Can. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; every body almost is in the same way: Lo-d Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr 310 Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

Jos. Surf. Doubtless, ma'am-a very great one.

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Mr Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite. Exit.

Lady Sneer. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues
you; positively you sha'n't escape.

Enter Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

Crab. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand. Mrs
Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted 320
with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite?

Egad, ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too. Isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir Ben. Oh, fie, uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Fitzzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs Drowzie's conversazione. Come now; your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

Sir Ben. Uncle, now-pr'ythee-

Crab. I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these sort of things.

Lady Sneer. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never

publish any thing.

Sir Ben. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when

favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public. [Pointing to Maria.

(Crab. [70 Maria.] 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they 'll immortable you!—you will be handed down 350 to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir Ben. [To Maria.] Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. 'Fore Gad they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Grab. But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

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Mrs Can. What, sir, do you mean the report of— Crab. No, ma'am, that's not it.—Miss Nicesy is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs Can. Impossible!

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin. -

Sir Ben. 'Tis very true, ma'am every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes and they do say there were pressing

Lady Sheer. Why, I have heard something of this 370 before.

- Mrs Can. It can't be—and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.
- Str Ben. O Lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.
- Mrs Can. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her 380 stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.
- See Ben. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution, who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.
- Mrs Can. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.
- Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her

lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

Sir Ben. Oh, to be sure!—the most whimsical circumstance.

Lady Sneer. How was it, pray?

Crab. Why, one evening, at Mrs Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, "I have known instances of it; for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins." "What!" cries the Lady Dowager Dundizzy (who you know is as deaf as a post), "has Miss Piper had twins?" This 410 mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'was the next morning everywhere reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and a girl: and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put to nurse.

Lady Sneer. Strange, indeed 1

Crab. Matter of fact, I assure you. O Lud! Mr

Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Jos. Surf. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Grab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort, whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on!

Jos. Surf. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already 430 prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir Ben. To be sure he may: for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and, though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there, 440 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir Ben. Yet no man lives in greater splendour.

They tell me, when he entertains his friends

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he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Jos. Surf. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Mar. [Aside.] Their malice is intolerable!—
[Aloud.] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you
a good morning: I'm not very well.
[Exit.

Mrs Can. O dear! she changes colour very much. Lady Sneer. Do, Mrs Candnur, follow her: she

may want your assistance.

Mrs Can. 'That I will, with all my soul, ma'am.— 460

Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation

may be! [Ext

Lady Sneer. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir Ben. The young lady's penchant is obvious.

Crab. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir Ben. Mr Surface. I did not mean to hurt

you; but depend on't your brother is utterly undone.

- Crab. O Lud, ay! undone as ever man was --- can't raise a guinea!
- Sir Ben. And every thing sold, I'm told, that was movable.
- Crab. I have seen one that was at his house. Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I 480 believe are framed in the wainscots.
- Sir Ben. And I'm very sorry also to hear some bad stories against him.
- Grab. Oh, he has done many mean things, that's certain.
- Crab. We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[Exeunt Grabtree and Sir Benjamin.

- 'Lady Sneer Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.
 - Jos. Surf. And I believe the abuse was no more 490 acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.
 - Lady Sneer. I doubt her affections are farther engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well

dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the meantime, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.

A room in Sir Peter Teazle's House.

Enter Sir Peter Teazle.

Sir Pet. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and

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the town, with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter Rowley.

Row. Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?

Sir Pet. Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

Row. What can have happened since yesterday?

Sir Pet. A good question to a married man!

Row. Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

Sir Pet. Why, has any body told you she was dead?

Row. Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

Sir Pet. But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest-tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I 40 tell her a hundred times a day.

Rogu. Indeed !

Sir Pet. Ay; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

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Row. You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was, at his years, 60 nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir Pet. You are wrong, Master Rowley.

their father's deatl, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young nien of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but, for the other, take my word for 't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

Row. I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir Pet, What! let me hear.

Row. Sir Oliver 18 arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir Pet. How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Row. I did not: but his passage has been remarkably quick.

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Sir Pet. Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met. We have had many a day together:—but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

Row. Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

Sir Pet. Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits—however, he shall have his way; but, pray, does he know I am married?

Row. Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

Sir Pet. What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption! Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be soon at my house, though—I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

Row. By no means.

Sir Pet. For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'll have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

Row. I understand you:-but then you must be

very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir Pei. Egad, and so we must—and that's impossible. Ah! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with 12C it.

[Exeunt.

Act Second.

Scene L.

A room in Sir Peter Teazle's House Enter Sir Peter and Lady Teazle.

Sir Pet. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teaz. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing, and, what's more, I will too. What' though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

- Sir Pet. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband to is to have no influence, no authority?
- Lady Teaz. Authority! No, to be sure: if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.
- Sir Per. Old enough '-ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!
- Lady Teaz. My extravaganee! I'm sure I'm 20 not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.
- Sir Pet. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a fete champetre at Christmas.
- Lady Teaz. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the elimate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Pet. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at you talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you

Lady Teaz. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married 40 you.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady Teaz. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teaz. And then you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a

sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down 60 to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Pet. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach - vis-à-vis - and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the 70 butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady Teaz. No-I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Pet. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank-in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teaz. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, that is-

Sir Pet. My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teaz. Hem! hem!

Sir Pet. I thank you, madam-but don't flatter yourself, for, though your ill conduct may

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disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

- Lady Team. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?
- Sir Pet. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?
- Lady Teaz. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?
- Sir Pet. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?
- Lady Teaz. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.
- Sir Pet. Ay there again—taste! Zounds! 100 madam, you had no taste when you married me!
- Lady Teaz. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.
- Sir Pet. Ay, there's another precious circumstance

—a charming set of acquaintance you have 110 made there!

1.ady Teaz. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Pet. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!

Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, 120 and clippers of reputation.

Lady Teaz. What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Pet. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teaz. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Pet. Grace indeed!

Lady Teaz. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 130 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

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Sir Pet. Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

Lady Teaz. Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So goodbye to ye. [Exit.

Sir Pet. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming 140 air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing every thing in her power to plague me.

Scene II.

A Room in Lady Sneerwell's House.

Lady Sneerwell, Mrs Candour, Crabtree, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and Joseph Surface, discovered.

Lady Sneer. Nay, positively, we will hear it.

Jos. Surf. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir Ben. O plague on 't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crab. No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Ben. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which, I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:—

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies; Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies: To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong, Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

Crab. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Jos. Surf. A very Phæbus, mounted-indeed, Sir 20 Benjamin!

Sir Ben. Oh dear, sir! trifles-trifles.

Enter Lady Teazle and Maria.

Mrs Can. I must have a copy.

Lady Sneer. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady Teaz. I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

carry it!

Lady Sneer. Maria, my love, you look grave.	
Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr	
Surface.	30
Mar. I take very little pleasure in cards-however,	
I'll do as your ladyship pleases.	
Lady Teaz. I am surprised Mr Surface should sit	
down with her; I thought he would have em-	
braced this opportunity of speaking to me before	
Sir Peter came. [Asia	de
Mrs Can. Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous,	
I'll forswear your society.	
Lady Teaz. What's the matter, Mrs Candour?	
Mrs Can. They'll not allow our friend Miss Ver-	4(
milion to be handsome.	
Lady Sneer. Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.	
Crab. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.	
Mrs Can. She has a charming fresh colour.	
Lady Teaz. Yes, when it is fresh put on.	
Mrs Can. Oh, fie! I'll swear her colour is natural:	
I have seen it come and go!	
Lady Team. I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes	
off at night, and comes again in the morning.	
Sir Ben. True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes;	50
but, what 's more, egad, her maid can fetch and	

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- Mrs Can. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is, or was, very handsome.
- Grab. Who? Mrs Evergreen? O Lord! she's sixand-fifty if she's an hour!
- Mrs Can. Now positively you wrong her; fiftytwo or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.
- Sir Ben. Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.
- Lady Sneer. Well, well, if Mrs Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre caulks her wrinkles.
- Sir Ben. Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but, when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique.
- Crab. Ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

 Mrs Can. Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me

laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Ben. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

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Lady Teaz. Yes; and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always a-jar, as it were Shows her teeth. -thus.

Mrs Can. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady Teaz. Nay, I allow even that 's better than the pains Mrs Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's-box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were—thus: How do you do, madam? Yes, [Mimics. madam.

Lady Sneer. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady Teaz. In defence of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter Sir Peter Teazle.

Sir Pet. Ladies, your most obedient .- [Aside.] Mercy on me, here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose. 100

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- Mrs Can. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter.

 They have been so censorious and Lady
 Teazle as bad as any one.
- Sir Pet. That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs Candour.
- Mrs Can. Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good nature to our friend Mrs Pursy.
- Lady Teaz. What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs Quadrille's last night?
- Mrs Can. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and, when she takes so much pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.
- Lady Sneer. That's very true, indeed.
- Lady Teaz. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces he self by pulleys; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.
- Mrs Gan. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.
- Sir Pet. Yes, a good defence, truly.
- Mrs Can. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

- Crab. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.
- Mrs Gan. Positively you shall not be so very severe.

 Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by 13c marriage, and, as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six-and-thirty.
- Lady Sneer. Though, surely, she is handsome still
 —and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is
 not to be wondered at.
- Mrs Can. True, and then as to her manner; upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, 140 considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.
- Sir Ben. Ah! you are both of you too goodnatured!
 - Sir Pet. Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [Aside.
 - Mrs Can. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.
 - Sir Pet. No, to be sure!

Sir Ben. Oh: you are of a moral turn. Mrs Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady Teaz. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoesmade up of paint and proverb.

Mrs Can. Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she 160 has to be critical on beauty.

Crab. Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen: 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Ben. So she has, indeed—an Irish front— Crab. Caledonian locks-

Sir Ben. Dutch nose-

Crab. Austrian lips-

Sir Ben. Complexion of a Spaniard-

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Crab. And teeth à la Chinoise-

Sir Ben. In short, her face resembles a table d'hôte at Spa -- where no two guests are of a nation---

Crab. Or a congress at the close of a general war-

wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs Can. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Pet. Mercy on my life!—a person they dine 180 with twice a week!

[Aside

Mrs Can. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for give me leave to say, that Mrs Ogle——

Sir Pet. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha! ha! well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Pet. Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady Teaz. True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Ben. Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one seldom sees them together. 200

- Lady Teaz. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parhament.
- Sir Pet. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.
- Lady Sneer. O Lud! Sir Peter; would you de- 210 prive us of our privileges?
- Sir Pet. Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.
- Lady Sneer. Go, you monster!
- Mrs Can. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?
- Sir Pet. Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander 220 currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.
- Crab. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Lady Sneer. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter Servant, who whispers Sir Peter.

Sir Pet. I'll be with them directly, — [Exit Servant] I'll get away unperceived. [Aside Lady Sneer. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave 230 us?

Sir Pet. Your ladyship must excuse me; 1'm called away by particular business. But 1 leave my character behind me. [Exit.

Sir Ben. Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Ludy Teaz. Oh, pray don't mind that; come, do let's hear them.

[Exeunt all but Joseph Surface and Maria.

Jos. Surf. Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Mur. How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness!

- Jos. Surf. Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are; they have no malice at heart.
- Mar. Then is their conduct still more con- 250 temptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.
- Jos. Surf. Undoubtedly, madam; and it has always been a sentiment of mine, that to propagate a malicious truth wantonly is more despicable than to falsify from revenge. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone? Is hope to be denied the tenderest 260 passion?
- Mar. Why will you distress me by renewing this subject?
- Jos. Surf. Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favoured rival.
- Mar. Ungenerously urged! But, whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give 270 him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

Jos. Surf. Nay, but, Maria, do not leave me with a frown: by all that's honest, I swear

[Kneels

Re-enter Lady Teazle behind.

Aside.] Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle.—[Aloud to Maria.] You must not—no, you shall not—for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle——.

Mar. Lady Teazle!

Jos. Surf. Yet were Sir Peter to suspect-

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- Lady Teaz. [Coming forward.] What is this, pray? Does he take her for me?—Child, you are wanted in the next room.—[Exit Maria.] What is all this, pray?
- Jos. Surf. Oh, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

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- Lady Teaz. Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender mode of reasoning—do you usually argue on your knees?
- Jos. Surf. Oh, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast——But, Lady Teazle, when are you

to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

Lady Teaz. No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion requires.

Jos. Surf. True—a mere Platonic cicisbeo, what every wife is entitled to.

Lady Teaz. Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so many of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to——

Jos. Surf. The only revenge in your power. Well,
I applaud your moderation.

Lady Teaz. Go—you are an insinuating wretch! 310 But we shall be missed — let us join the company.

Jos Surf. But we had best not return together.

Lady Teaz. Well, don't stay; for Maria sha'n't come to hear any more of your reasoning. I promise you. [Exit.

Jos. Surf. A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I 320

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have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many cursed rogueries that I doubt I shall be exposed at last.

[Exit.

Scene III.

A Room in Sir Peter Teazle's House.

Enter Sir Oliver Surface and Rowley.

Sir Oliv. Ha! ha! ha! so my old friend is married, hey?—a young wife out of the country. Ha! ha! ha! that he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last!

Row. But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver; 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

Sir Oliv. Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance!—Poor Peter! But you say he has entirely given up Charles—never sees him, hey?

Row. His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has industriously been led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

Sir Oliv. Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time, and will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you! No, no: if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

Row. Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him.

Ah, sir, it gives me new life to find that your heart is not turned against him, and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

Sir Oliv. What! shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself? Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent

youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was?

Row. Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family. But here comes Sir Peter.

Sir Oliv. Egad, so he does! Mercy on me! he's greatly altered, and seems to have a settled married look! One may read husband in his face at this distance!

Enter Sir Peter Teazle.

Sir Pet. Ha! Sir Oliver—my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

Sir Oliv. Thank you, thank you, Sir Peter! and i' faith I am glad to find you well, believe me!

Sir Pet. Oh! 'tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

Sir Oliv. Ay, I have had my share. But, what!

I find you are married, hey, my old boy?

Well, well, it can't be helped; and so—I wish
you joy with all my heart!

Sir Pet. Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver.—Yes,
I have entered into—the happy state; but
we'll not talk of that now.

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- Sir Oliv. True, true, Sir Peter; old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting. No, no, no.
- Row. [Aside to Sir Oliver.] Take care, pray, sir.
- Sir Oliv. Well, so one of my nephews is a wild rogue, hey?
- Sir Pet. Wild! Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be—every body in the world speaks well of him.
- Sir Oliv. I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Every body speaks well of him! Psha! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.
- Sir Pet. What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?
- Sir Oliv. Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.
- Sir Pet. Well, well—you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.
- Sir Oliv. Oh, plague of his sentiments! If he

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salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly. But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors: but, before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

Row. And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

Sir Pet. Oh, my life on Joseph's honour!

Sir Oliv. Well—come, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lads' health, and tell you our scheme.

Sir Pet. Allons, then !

Sir Oliv. And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little: for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree.

[Excunt



Act Third.

Scene I.

A Room in Sir Peter Teazle's House.

Enter Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Oliver Surface, and Rowley.

Sir Pet. Well, then, we will see this fellow first, and have our wine afterwards. But how is this, Master Rowley? I don't see the jest of your scheme.

Row. Why, sir, this Mr Stanley, whom I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was once a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, since his confinement, both to Mr Surface and Charles: from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

Sir Oliv. Ah! he is my brother's son.

Sir Pet. Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally 2c

Row. Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends; and, as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions: and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother one who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it,—

"a heart to pity, and a hand, Open as day, for melting charity."

Sir Pet. Psha! What signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well, make the trial, if you please. But where is the fellow whom you brought for Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

Row. Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence.—This, Sir Oliver is a friendly Jew, who, to do him

justice, has done every thing in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

Sir Pet. Pray let us have him in.

Row. Desire Mr Moses to walk up stairs.

[Calls to Servant.

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Sir Pet. But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth?

Row. Oh, I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests. I have also another evidence in my power, one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall shortly produce to remove some of your prejudices, Sir Peter, relative to Charles and Lady Teazle.

Fir Pet. I have heard too much on that subject. Row. Here comes the honest Israelite.

Enter Moses.

-This is Sir Oliver.

Fir Oliv. Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew Charles.

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- Mos. Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.
- Sir Oliv. That was unlucky, truly; for you have had no opportunity of showing your talents.
- Mos. None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.
- Sir Oliv. Unfortunate, indeed! But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?
- Mos. Yes, he knows that. This very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.
- Sir Pet. What, one Charles has never had money from before?
- Mos. Yes, Mr Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.
- Sir Pet. Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me!— Charles, you say, does not know Mr Premium? Mos. Not at all.
- Sir Pet. Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing tale of a poor relation: go 90

with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

Sir Oliv. Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as old Stanley.

Sir Pet. True-so you may.

Row. Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure. However, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

Mos. You may depend upon me.—[Looks at his watch.] This is near the time I was to have gone.

Sir Oliv. I'll accompany you as soon as you please,
Moses—But hold! I have forgot one thing
—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a
Jew?

Mos. There's no need—the principal is Christian.

Sir Oliv. Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But, then again, an't I rather too smartly dressed to 110 look like a money lender?

Sir Pet. Not at all; 'twould not be out of character.

if you went in your own carriage—would it,

Moses?

Mos. Not in the least.

- Sir Oliv. Well, but how must I talk there's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.
- Sir Pet. Oh, there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough 120 in your demands. Hey, Moses?
- Mos. Yes, that's a very great point.
- Sir Oliv. I'll answer for 't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.
- Mos. If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.
- Sir Oliv. Hey! what, the plague! how much then?
- Mos. That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you 130 should require only forty or fifty per cent.; but if you find him in great distress, and want the moneys very bad, you may ask double.
- Sir Pet. A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver!
- Sir Oliv. Truly, I hink so-and not unprofitable.
- Mos. Then, you know, you haven't the moneys yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of a friend.
- Sir Oliv. Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

Mos. And your friend is an unconscionable dog: but you can't help that.

Sir Oliv. My friend an unconscionable dog, is he?

Mos. Yes, and he himself has not the moneys by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

Sir Oliv. He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

Sir Pet. I' faith, Sir Oliver—Mr Piemium, I mean—you'll soon be master of the trade. But, Moses! would not you have him run out a 150 little against the Annuity Bill? That would be in character, I should think.

Mos. Very much.

Row. And lament that a young man now must be at years of discretion before he is suffered to ruin himself?

Mos. Ay, great pity!

Sir Pet. And abuse the public for allowing merit to an act whose only object is to snatch misfortune and imprudence from the rapacious gripe of 160 usury, and give the minor a chance of inheriting his estate without being undone by coming into possession.

Sir Oliv. So, so-Moses shall give me farther instructions as we go together. Sir Pet. You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

Sir Oliv. Oh, never fear! my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not 170 a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

[Exit with Moses.

Sir Pet. So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

Row. No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

Sir Pet. Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say presently. I see Maria, and want to speak with her.—[Exit Rowley.] I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles 18c were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Enter Maria.

So, child, has Mr Surface returned with you? Mar. No, sir; he was engaged.
Sir Pet. Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more

you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

Mar. Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity 190 on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel nie to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention whom I would not prefer to Mr Surface.

Sir Pet. So—here's perverseness! No, no, Maria, tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

Mar. This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have heard enough to convince 200 me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

Sir Pet. Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worther object.

Mar. Never to his brother!

Sir Pet. Go, perverse and obstinate! But take care, madam; you have never yet known what 210 the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

Mar. I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable.

Sir Pet. Was ever man so crossed as I am, every thing conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her 220 father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter.—[Lady Teazle sings without.] But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Enter Lady Teazle.

Ludy Teaz. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by. 230

Sir Pet. Ah, Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good humoured at all times.

Lady Teaz. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this

moment. Do be good humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir Pet. Two hundred pounds; what, an 't I to be in a good humour without paying for it! But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could 240 refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady Teaz. Oh, no—there—my note of hand will do as well. [Offering her hand.

Sir Pet. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you: but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady Teaz. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided 250 you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Pet. Well—then let our future contest be, whn shall be most obliging.

Lady Teaz. I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and asked me if I thought I could 260

love an old fellow, wno would dery me nothing-didn't you?

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive—

Lady Teaz. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir Pet. Indeed!

Lady Teaz. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, prevish old bachelor, and 270 laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir Pet. Thank you.

Lady Team. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir Pet. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple——

Lady Teaz. And never differ again?

Sir Pet. No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady Teas.	I beg your	pardon, my	dear Sir	Peter.
indeed,	you always	gave the p	rovocation	1.

Sir Pet. Now see, my angel! take care-contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady Teaz. Then don't you begin it, my love! Sir Pet. There, now! you-you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just

doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady Teaz. Nay, you know, if you will be angry without any reason, my dear-

Sir Pet. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady Teaz. No, I'm sure I don't: but, if you will be so peevish-

Sir Pet. There now! who begins first?

300 Lady Teaz. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing -but there 's no bearing your temper.

Sir Pet. No. no. madam: the fault's in your own temper.

Lady Teaz. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir Pet. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, imp rtinent gipsy.

Lady Team. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Pet. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady Teaz. So much the better.

Sir Pet. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighbourhood!

Lady Teaz. And I am sure I was a fool to marry 320 you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir Pet. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady Teaz. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who every body said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been 330 married.

Sir Pet. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are, not without grounds——

Lady Teaz. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir Pet. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

Lady Teaz. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know: ha! ha! Well, you 35c are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye! bye! [Exit.

Sir Pet. Plagues and tortures! can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [Exic.]

Scene II.

A Room in Charles Surface's House.

Enter Trip, Moses, and Sir Oliver Surface.

Trip. Here, Master Moses! if you'll stay a moment I'll try whether — what's the gentleman's name?

Sir Oliv. Mr Moses, what is my name? [Aside to Moses. Mos. Mr Plemium.

Irip. Premium-very well. [Exit taking snuff.

Sir Oliv. To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what!
—sure, this was my brother's house?

Mos. Yes, sir; Mr Charles bought it of Mr Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c., just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

Sir Oliv. In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

Re-enter Trip.

Trip. My master says you must wait, gentlemen: he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

Sir Oliv. If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a 20 message.

Trip. Yes, yes, sir; he knows you are here-I did not forget little Premium: no, no, no.

Sir Oliv. Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

Trip. Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

Sir Oliv. Well, then, Mr Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

Trip. Why, yes—here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear—and not very great either—but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets.

Sir Oliv. Bags and bouquets! halters and bastinadoes! [Aside.

Trip. And à propos, Moses, have you been able to get me that little bill discounted?

Sir Oliv. Wants to raise money too!—mercy on me! Has his distresses too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns. [Aside. 40]

Mos. 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr Trip.

Trip. Good lack, you surprise me! My friend Brush has indorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.

Mos. No, 'twouldn't do.

Trip. A small sum-but twenty pounds. Hark'ee, Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of annuity?

Sir Oliv. An annuity! ha! ha! a footman raise 50 money by way of annuity! Well done, Aside. luxury, egad!

Mos. Well, but you must insure your place.

Trip. Oh, with all my heart! I'll insure my place, and my life too, if you please.

[Aside Sir Oliv. It's more than I would your neck.

Mos. But is there nothing you could deposit?

Trip. Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November --- or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver; -these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral securityhey, my little fellow?

Mos. Well, well. [Bell rings. men, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses! This way, gentlemen, I 'll insure my place, you know.

Sir Oliv. [Aside.] If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed!

[Excunt.

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Scene III.

Another Room in the same.

Charles Surface, Sir Harry Bumper, Careless, and Gentlemen, discovered drinking.

Chas. Surf. 'Fore heaven, 'tis true!—there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but, plague on 't, they won't drink.

Care. It is so, indeed, Charles! they give into all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. Oh, certainly society suffers by it intolerably! for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa-

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water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulency of champagne, without its spirit or flavour.

I Gent. But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

Care. True! there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

Chas. Surf. Then he'll have the worst of it.
What! you wouldn't train a house for the 20 course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad, I am never so successful as when I am a little merry: let me throw on a bottle of champagne, and I never lose.

All. Hey, what?

Care. At least I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

2 Gent. Ay, that I believe.

Chas. Surf. And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top is the maid that has bewitched you.

Care. Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favourite.

Chas. Surf. Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible—on earth.

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Care. Oh! then we'll find some canonised vestals or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant!

Chas. Surf. Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria!——

Sir Har. Maria who?

Chas. Surf. Oh, damn the surname!—'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar—Maria!

All. Maria!

Char. Surf. But now, Sir Harry, beware, we must 50 have beauty superlative.

Care. Nay, never study, Sir Harry: we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

Sir Har. Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady. [Sings.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen; Here's to the widow of fifty;

Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean, 60
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

80

Chorus. Let the toast pass,— Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;

Now to the maid who has none, sir:

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue aves

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,

And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow:
Now to her that's as brown as a berry:
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,

And now to the damsel that's merry.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim, Young or ancient, I care not a feather; So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim, So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim, And let us e'en toast them together.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

All. Bravo! bravo!

Enter Trip, and whispers Charles Surface.

Chas. Surf. Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little.

—Careless, take the chair, will you?

QC

Care. Nay, pr'ythee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropped in by chance?

Ghas. Surf. No, faith! To tell you the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

Care. Oh, damn it! let's have the Jew in.

1 Gent. Ay, and the broker too, by all means.

2 Gent. Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

Chas. Surf. Egad, with all my heart!—Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in.—[Exit Trip.] Though there's one of them a stranger, I can tell you.

Care. Charles, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and perhaps they 'll grow conscientious.

Chas. Surf. Oh, hang 'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet their 100 knavery.

Re-enter Trip, with Sir Oliver Surface and Moses.

Chas. Surf. So, honest Moses; walk in, pray, Mr Premium—that's the gentleman's name, isn't it, Moses?

Mos. Yes, sir.

Chas. Surf. Set chairs, Trip. - Sit down, Mr

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Premium.—Glasses, Trip.—[Trip gives chairs and glasses, and exit.] Sit down, Moses.—Come, Mr Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's Success to usury!—Moses, fill the gentle- 110 man a bumper.

Mos. Success to usury!

[Drinks

Care. Right, Moses—usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

Sir Oliv. Then here's-All the success it deserves!

[Drinks.

Care. No, no, that won't do! Mr Premium, you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

1 Gent. A pint bumper, at least.

Mos. Oh, pray, sir, consider—Mr Premium's a 120 gentleman.

Care. And therefore loves good wine.

.2 Gent. Give Moses a quart glass—this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

Care. Here, now for 't! I'll see justice done to the last drop of my bottle.

Sir Oliv. Nay, pray, gentlemen—I did not expect this usage.

Chas. Surf. No, hang it, you shan't; Mr Premium's a stranger.

Sir Oliv. Odd! I wish I was well out of their company.

[Aside.

Care. Plague on 'em then! if they won't drink, we'll not sit down with them. Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room.—Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

Chas. Surf. I will! I will!—[Exeunt Sir Harry Bumper and Gentlemen; Caseless following.] Careless!

Care. [Returning.] Well!

Chas. Surf. Perhaps I may want you.

Care. Oh, you know I am always ready: word, note, or bond, 'tis all the same to me. [Exit.

Mos. Sir, this is Mr Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secrecy; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr Premium, this is——

Chas. Surf. Psha! have done. Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow 150 at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money; you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who have got

money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without farther ceremony.

Sir Oliv. Exceeding frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Chas. Surf. Oh, no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir Oliv. Sir, I like you the better for it. However, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog. Isn't he, Moses? And must 170 sell stock to accommodate you. Mustn't he, Moses?

Mos. Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

Chas. Surf. Right. People that speak truth generally do. But these are trifles, Mr Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for 't!

Sir Oliv. Well, but what security could you give?
You have no land, I suppose?

Chas. Surf. Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

Sir Oliv. Nor any stock, I presume?

Chas. Surf. Nothing but live stock—and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connexions?

Sir Oliv. Why, to say truth, I am.

Chas. Surf. Then you must know that I have a devilish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir 190 Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations?

Sir Oliv. That you have a wealthy uncle, I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Chas. Surf. Oh, no!—there can be no doubt.

They tell me I'm a prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me every thing.

Sir Oliv. Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

Chas. Surf. Yes, yes, 'tis just so. Moses knows 200 'tis true; don't you, Moses?

Mos. Oh, yes! I'll swear to 't.

Sir Oliv. Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal.

[Aside.

Chas. Surf Now I propose, Mr Premium, if it's

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agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life: though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be very sorry to hear that any thing had happened to him.

Sir Oliv. Not more than I should, I assure you.

But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred and never see the principal.

Chas. Surf. Oh, yes, you would! the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir Oliv. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Chas. Surf. What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

Sir Oliv. No, indeed I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

Chas. Surf. There again, now, you are misinformed.

No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver. Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him.

- Sir. Oliv. No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him! Ha! ha! ha! egad—ha! ha!
- Chas. Surf. Ha! ha!—you're glad to hear that, little Premium?
- Sir Oliv. No, no, I'm not.
- Chas. Surf. Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—you know that mends your chance.
- Sir Oliv. But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over; 240 nay, some say he is actually arrived.
- Chas. Surf. Psha! sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no, rely on't he's at this moment at Calcutta. Isn't he, Moses?
- Mos. Oh, yes, certainly.
- Sir. Oliv. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority. Haven't I, Moses?
- Mos. Yes, most undoubted!
- Sir Oliv. But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?
- Chas. Surf. How do you mean?
- Sir. Oliv. For instance, now, I have heard that your

father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate.

- Chas. Surf. O Lud! that's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.
- Sir Oliv. [Aside.] Good lack! all the family 260 race-cups and corporation-bowls!—[Aloud.] Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact.
- Chas. Surf. Yes, yes, so it was—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.
- Sir Oliv. [Aside.] Mercy upon me! learning that had run in the family like an heir-loom!— 270 [Aloud.] Pray, what are become of the books?
- Ghas. Surf. You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.
- Mos. I know nothing of books.
- Sir Oliv. So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?
- Chas. Surf. Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a 280

room full of ancestors above; and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain!

Sir Oliv. Hey! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

Chas. Surf. Every man of them, to the best bidder. Sir Oliv. What! your great-uncles and aunts?

Chas. Surf. Ay, and my great-grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir Oliv. [Aside.] Now I give him up!—[Aloud.] 290
What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odds life! do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

Chas. Surf. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care, if you have your money's worth?

Sir Oliv. Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas.—[Aside.] Oh, 300 I'll never forgive him this! never!

Re-enter Garcless.

Care. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Chas. Surf. I can't come yet. I'faith, we are going

to have a sale above stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors?

Care. Oh, burn your ancestors!

Chas Surf. No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer—so come along with us.

Care. Oh, have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dicc-box!
Going! going!

Sir Oliv. Oh, the profligates!

[Aside

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Chas. Surf. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir Oliv. Oh, yes, I do, vastly! Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha!—[Aiide.] Oh, 320 the prodigal!

Chas. Surf. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance, if he can't make free with his own relations! [Encunt.

Sir Oliv. I'll never forgive him; never! never!



Act Fourth.

Scene I.

A Picture Room in Charles Surface's House.

Enter Charles Surface, Sir Oliver Surface, Moses, and Careless.

Char. Surf. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in ;here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliv. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection. Chas. Surf. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting; no volontière grace or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no:

nothing in human nature besides. Sir Oliv. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Chas. Surf. I hope not. Well, you see. Master

the merit of these is the inveterate likenessall stiff and awkward as the originals, and like

40

Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr 20 Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Care. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Chas. Surf. Egad, that's true. What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. [Taking pedigree down.] Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliv. What an unnatural rogue!—an ex post facto parricide! [Aside.

Gare. Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

Chas. Surf. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous

good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr Premium? look at him—there's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir Oliv. [Aside to Moses.] Bid him speak.

Mos. Mr Premium would have you speak.

Chas. Surf. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliv. [Aside.] Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds 1--[Aloud.] Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Chas. Surf. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.

—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliv. [Aside.] Ah! poor Deborah! a woman

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who set such a value on nerself!—[Aloud.] Five pounds ten—she's mine.

Chas. Surf. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs.—You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

Sir Oliv. Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Chas. Surf. Well, take that couple for the same.

Mos. 'Tis a good bargain.

Chas. Surf. Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

Mos. Four guineas.

Chas. Surf. Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliv. By all means.

Care. Gone!

Chas. Surf. And there are two brothers of his, 90 William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers;

and, what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliv. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

Care. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

Chas. Surf. Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir Oliv. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

Chas. Surf. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir. Oliv. They're mine.

Chas. Surf. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on 't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal 110 wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Care. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir Oliv. Well, well, any thing to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

- Care. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the
- Sir Oliv. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't 12C think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.
- Chas. Surf. What, that? Oh; that's my uncle Oliver! 'twas done before he went to India.
- Care. Your uncle Oliver! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't Don't you think so, little Premium?
- Sir Oliv. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?
- Chas. Surf. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.
- Sir Oliv. [Aside.] The rogue's my nephew after all!—[Aloud.] But, sir, I have somehow 140 taken a fancy to that picture.
- Char Surf. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will

not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliv. [Aside.] I forgive him every thing!—
[Aloud.] But, sir, when I take a whim in my
head, I don't value money. I'll give you as
much for that as for all the rest.

Chas. Surf. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's 150 an end of it.

Sir Oliv. [Aside.] How like his father the dog is!

—[Aloud.] Well, well, I have done.—
[Aside.] I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance.

—[Aloud.] Here is a draft for your sum.

Chas. Surf. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds! Sur Olive. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Chas Surf. Zounds! no! I tell you, once more.

Sir Oiiv. Then never mind the difference, we'll 160 balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

Ghas. Surf. Egad, this is a whinisical old fellow!

—But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir Oliv. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Chas. Surf. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they 170 were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliv. I will, I will-for all but Oliver.

Chas. Surf. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliv. You're fixed on that?

Chas. Surf. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliv. [Aside.] A dear extravagant rogue:—
[Aloud.] Good day!—Come, Moses.—
[Aside.] Let me hear now who dares call him profligate.

[Exit with Moses. 180]

Care. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I

Chas. Surf. Egad, he's the prince of biokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—Ha! here's Rowley.—Do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

Care. I will—but don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for 190 tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Ghas. Surf. Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them.

Care. Nothing else.

Char Surf. Ay, ay, never fear.—[Exit Careiers.]
So! this was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let
me see, two-thirds of these five hundred
and thirty odd pounds are mine by right.
'Fore heaven! I find one's ancestors are 200
more valuable relations than I took them
for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most
obedient and very grateful servant.

[Bows ceremoniously to the pictures.

Enter Rowley.

Ha! old Rowley! egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

Row. Yes, I heard they were a-going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

Chas. Surf. Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with 210 my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure.

'tis very affecting, but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

Row. There's no making you serious a moment.

Chas. Surf. Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it im- 220 mediately to old Stanley.

Row. A hundred pounds! Consider only-

Gnas. Surf. Gad's life, don't talk about it! poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and, if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

Row. Ah! there's the point! I never will cease dunning you with the old proverb—

Chas. Surf. Be just before you're generous.—Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old, 230 hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity, for the soul of me.

Row. Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflec-

Chas. Surf. Ay, ay, it's very true; but, hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, by Heaven I'll give; so, damn your economy! and now for hazard.

Excust

Scene II.

Another room in the same.

Enter Sir Oliver Surface and Moses.

Mos. Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant.

Sir Oliv. True, but he would not sell my picture.

Mos. And loves wine and women so much.

Sir Oliv. But he would not sell my picture.

Mos. And games so deep.

Sir Oliv. But he would not sell my picture. Oh, here's Rowley.

Enter Rowley.

Row. So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a pur-

Sir Oliv. Yes, yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

Row. And here has he commissioned me to redeliver you part of the purchase money—I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

Mos. Ah! there is the pity of all; he is so damned charitable.

Row. And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who, I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

Sir Oliv. Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too. But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

Row. Not yet awhile; Sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

Enter Trip.

Trip. Oh, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out; this way-Moses, a word.

[Exit with Moses.

30

Sir Oliv. There's a fellow for you! Would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master!

Row. Indeed!

Sir Oliv. Yes, they are now planning an annuity business. Ah. Master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little threadbare; but now they have their vices, like their 40 birthday clothes, with the gloss on-[Excunt. g

Scene III.

A Library in Joseph Surface's House.

Enter Joseph Surface and Servant.

Jos. Surf. No letter from Lady Teazle?

Ser. No, sir.

Jos. Surf. [Aside.] I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour. [Knocking without.

Ser. Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

Jos. Surf. Hold! See whether it is or not, before you go to the door: I have a particular message for you if it should be my brother.

Ser. 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

Jos. Surf. Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—that will do; —my opposite neighbour is a maiden lady of so curious a temper.

—[Servant draws the screen, and exit.] I have a difficult hand to play in this affair.

10

Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter Lady Teazle.

Lady Teaz. What, sentiment in soliloquy now?

Have you been very impatient? O Lud!

don't pretend to look grave. I vow I couldn't come before.

Jos. Surf. O madam, punctuality is a species of constancy very unfashionable in a lady of 30 quality.

[Places chairs, and sits after Lady Teazle is scated.

Lady Teaz. Upon my word, you ought to pity me.

Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too—that's the best of the story, isn't it?

Jos. Surf. I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up.

[Aside.

Lady Teaz. I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr Surface?

Jos. Surf. [Aside.] Indeed I do not.—[Aloud.]
Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady

Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

- Lady Teaz. Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one? And there's my friend Lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too; that's what vexes me.
- Jos. Surf. Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance—without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.
- Lady Traz. No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of any body—that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter, too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart—indeed 'tis monstrous!
- Jos. Surf. But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband

entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife. and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to endeavour to outwit him.

Lady Teaz. Indeed! So that, if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for 't?

Jos. Surf. Undoubtedly-for your husband should never be deceived in you: and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

Lady Teaz. To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence---

Jos. Surf. Ah, my dear madam, there is the great mistake! 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and

outrageous at his suspicions? why, the consciousness of your innocence.

Lady Teaz. 'Tis very true!

Jos. Surf. Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling faux pas, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

Lady Teaz. Do you think so?

Jos. Surf. Oh, I am sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for—in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady Teaz. So, so; then I perceive your prescription is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation?

Jos. Surf. Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady Teaz. Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

Jos. Surf. An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady Teaz. Why, if my understanding were once convinced——

- Jos. Surf. Oh, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced. Yes, yes.—Heaven forbid I should persuade you to do any thing you 120 thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.
- Lady Teaz. Don't you think we may as well leave honour out of the argument? [Rises.
- Jos. Surf. Ah, the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.
- Lady Teaz. I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your honourable logic, after 130 all.
- Jos. Surf. Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of ______ [Taking ber hand.

Re-enter Servant.

'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want?

Ser. I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you
would not choose Sir Peter to come up without
announcing him.

Jos. Surf. Sir Peter !- Oons-the devil!

Lady Teaz. Sir Peter! O Lud! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

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Ser. Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

Lady Teaz. Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr Logic — Oh! mercy, sir, he's on the stairs—I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again——

[Goes behind the screen.

Jos. Surf. Give me that book.

[Sits down. Servant pretends to adjust his chair.

Enter Sir Peter Teaxle.

Sir Pet. Ay, ever improving himself—Mr Surface,
Mr Surface—

[Pats Joseph on the shoulder.]

- Jos. Surf. Oh, my dear Sir Peter, I beg your 150 pardon.—[Gaping, throws away the book.] I have been dozing over a stupid book. Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. Books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb in.
- Sir Pet. 'Tis very neat indeed. Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge—hung, I perceive, with maps.

Jos. Surf. Oh, yes, I find great use in that screen.

Sir Pet. I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find any thing in a hurry.

Jos. Surf. Ay, or to hide any thing in a hurry either.

Sir Pet. Well, I have a little private business-

Jos. Surf. You need not stay. [To Servant. Ser. No., sir. [Exit.

Jos. Surf. Here's a chair, Sir Peter—I beg---- 170

Sir Pet. Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburden my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my good friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me very unhappy.

Jos. Surf. Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

Sir Per. 'Tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed 180 an attachment to another.

Jos. Surf. Indeed! you astonish me!

Sir Pet. Yes! and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

Jos. Surf. How! you alarm me exceedingly.

Sir Pet. Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathise with me!

Jos. Surf. Yes, believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

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- Sir Pet. I am convinced of it. Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?
- Jos. Surf. I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!
- Sir Pet. Oh, no! What say you to Charles?
- Jos. Surf. My brother! impossible!
- Sir Pet. Oh, my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others 200 by yourself.
- Jos. Surf. Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.
- Sir Pet. True; but your brother has no sentiment

 —you never hear him talk so.
- Jos. Surf. Yet I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.
- Sir Pet. Ay; but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow? 210

 Jos. Surf. That's very true.
- Sir Pet. And then, you know, the difference of

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our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

- Jos. Surf. That's true, to be sure—they would laugh.
- Sir Pet. Laugh! ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.
- Jos. Surf. No, you must never make it public.
- Sir Pet. But then again—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.
- Jos. Surf. Ay, there's the point. When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.
- Sir Pet. Ay—I, that was, in a manner, left his 230 guardian; in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him —my advice!
- Jos. Surf. Oh, 'tis not to be credited! There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it

should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break the laws of hos- 240 pitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be hranded as the pest of society.

Sir Pet. What a difference there is between you!
What noble sentiments!

Jos. Surf. Yet I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

Sir Pet. I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, 250 in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now. as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future: and, if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year 260 independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

- Jos. Surf. This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous.—[Aside.] I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.
- Sir Pet. Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.
- Jos. Surf. Nor I, if I could help it. [Andr. 270
- Sir Pet. And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria.
- Jos. Surf. [Sofily.] Oh, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.
- Sir Pet. I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.
- Jos. Surf. [Softly.] I beg you will not mention it. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate!—[Aside.] 'Sdeath, I 280 shall be ruined every way!
- Sir Pet. And though you are averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.
- Jos. Surf. Pray, Sir Peter, now oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of to bestow a thought on my

own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never—

Re-enter Servant.

Well, sir?

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- Ser. Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.
- Jos. Surf. 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within-I'm out for the day.
- Sir Pet. Stay—hold—a thought has struck me:—
 you shall be at home.
- Jos. Surf. Well, well, let him come up. [Exit Servant.] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however.

[Aside.

- Sir Pet. Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat 300 you. Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere, then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.
- Jos. Surf. Oh, fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—to trepan my brother too?
- Sir Pet. Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service

by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, 310 and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: [Going up,] here, behind the screen will be—Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener here already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat!

Jos. Surf. Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! 320 Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner, a silly rogue that plagues me; and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

Sir Pet. Ah, Joseph! Joseph! Did I ever think that you—But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

Jos. Surf. Oh, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it!

Sir Pet. No! then, faith, let her hear it out. - 330 Here's a closet will do as well.

Jos. Surf. Well, go in there.

Sir Pet. Sly rogue! sly rogue! [Goes into the closet. Jos. Surf. A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious

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situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

Lady Teaz. [Peeping.] Couldn't I steal off?

Jos. Surf. Keep close, my angel!

Sir Pet. [Peeping.] Joseph, tax him home.

Jos. Surf. Back, my dear friend!

Lady Teaz. [Peeping.] Couldn't you lock Sir

Jos. Surf. Be still, my life!

Sir Pet. [Peeping.] You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

Jos. Surf. In, in, my dear Sir Peter!—'Fore Gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter Charles Surface.

Chas. Surf. Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first What! have you had a Jew or a wench with you? 350.

Jos. Surf. Neither, brother, I assure you.

Chas Surf. But what has made Sir Peter steal off?

I thought he had been with you.

Jos. Surf. He was, brother; but, hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

Chas. Surf. What! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

Jos. Surf. No, sir: but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

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- Chas. Surf. Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men. But how so, pray?
- Jos. Surf. To be plain with you, brother, he thinks you are endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.
- Chas. Surf. Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! so the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he?—or, what is worse, Lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband?

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- Jos. Surf. This is no subject to jest on, brother.

 He who can laugh——
- Chas. Surf. True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.
- Jos. Surf. Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this.

 [Raising his voice.
- Chas Surf. To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encourage—380 ment. Besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

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Jos. Surf. But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you

Chas. Surf. Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father——

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Jos. Surf. Well!

Chas. Surf. Why, I believe I should be obliged to——

Jos. Surf. What?

Chas. Surf. To borrow a little of your morality, that 's all. But, bro ther, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming me with Lady Teazle; for, i' faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

Jos. Surf. Oh, for shame, Charles! This retort is 400 foolish.

Chas. Surf. Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances——

Jos. Surf. Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

Chas. Surf. Egad, I'm serious! Don't you remember one day, when I called here-

Jos. Surf. Nay, pr'ythee, Charles-

Chas. Surf. And found you together ----Jos. Surf. Zounds, sir, I insist-Chas. Surf. And another time when your ser- 410 Jos. Surf. Brother, brother, a word with you!-[Aside.] Gad, I must stop him. Chas. Surf. Informed, I say, that-Jos. Surf. Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented. Chas. Surf. How, Sir Peter! Where is he? Jos. Surf. Softly, there! [Points to the closet. 420 Chas. Surf. Oh, 'fore Heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth! Jos. Surf. No, no-Chas. Surf. I say, Sir Peter, come into court .-[Pulls in Sir Peter.] What! my old guardian!-What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog.? Oh, fie! Oh, fie! Sir Pet. Give me your hand, Charles-I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph-'twas my plan! 430 Chas. Surf. Indeed! Sir Pet. But I acquit you. I promise you I don't

think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

Chas. Surf. Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more. Wasn't it, Joseph?

Sir Pet. Ah! you would have retorted on him.

Chas. Surf. Ah, ay, that was a joke.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

Chas. Surf. But you might as well have suspected 440 him as me in this matter, for all that. Mightn't he, Joseph?

Sir Pet. Well, well, I believe you.

Jos. Surf. Would they were both out of the room! [Aside

Sir Pet. And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

Re-enter Servant, and whispers Joseph Surface.

Ser. Lady Sneerwell is below, and says she will come up.

Jos. Surf. Lady Sneerwell! Gad's life! she must not come here. [Exit Servant.] Gentlemen, 450 I beg pardon—I must wait on you down stairs: here is a person come on particular business.

Chas. Surf. Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

- Jos. Surf. [Aside.] They must not be left together.

 —[Aloud.] I'll send Lady Sneerwell away,
 and return directly.—[Aside to Sir Peter.] Sir
 Peter, not a word of the French milliner.
- Sir Pet. [Aside to Joseph Surface.] I! not for the 460 world!—[Exit Joseph Surface.] Ah, Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment. Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.
- Chas. Surf. Psha! he is too moral by half; and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a wench.
- Sir Pet. No, no,—come, come,—you wrong him. 470 No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either, in that respect.—[Aside.] I have a great mind to tell him—we should have such a laugh at Joseph.
- Chas. Surf. Oh, hang him! he's a very anchorite, a young hermit!
- Sir Pet. Hark'ee—you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.
- Chas. Surf. Why, you won't tell him?
- Sir Pet. No-but-this way .- [Aside.] Egad, I'll 480

tell him. — [Aloud.] Hark'ee — have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Chas. Surf. I should like it of all things.

Sir Pet. Then, i' faith, we will! I'll be quit with him for discovering me. He had a girl with him when I called. [Whispers.

Chas. Surf. What! Joseph? you jest.

Sir Pet. Hush!—a little French milliner—and the best of the jest is—she's in the room now.

Chas. Surf. The devil she is!

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Sir Pet. Hush! I tell you. [Points to the screen. Chas. Surf. Behind the screen! 'Slife, let's unveil

her!

Sir Pet. No, no, he's coming:—you sha'n't, indeed!

Chas. Surf. Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little
milliner!

Sir Pet. Not for the world!—Joseph will never forgive me.

Chas. Surf. I'll stand by you-

Sir Pet. Odds, here he is!

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[Charles Surface throws down the screen.

Re-enter Joseph Surface.

Chas. Surf. Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful. Sir Pet. Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

Chas. Surf. Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret. Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word!-Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too ?—Sir Peter, though I 510 found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute! - Well - though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another; so I'll leave you to yourselves .- [Going.] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man grounds for so much uneasiness .- Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man Exit of sentiment!

Jos. Surf. Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess— 52c that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain every thing to your satisfaction.

Sir Pet. If you please, sir.

Jos. Surf. The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria—I say,

sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—she, sir, I say— 530 called here—in order that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming—being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir Pet. A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

Lady Teaz. For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

Sir Pet. How! don't you think it worth while to 540 agree in the lie?

Lady Teaz. There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

Sir Pet. I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

Jos. Surf. [Aside to Lady Teazle.] 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

Lady Teaz. Good Mr Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

Sir Pet. Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without 550 prompting.

Lady Teaz. Hear me, Sir Peter!-I came here on

no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came, seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

Sir Pet. Now, I believe, the truth is coming, indeed!

Jos. Surf. The woman's mad!

560 Lady Teaz. No. sir; she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.-Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me-but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has so penetrated to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would \$70 have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward-I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him. [Exit.

Jos. Surf. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows-

- Sir Pet. That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.
- Jas. Surf. You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall 580 hear me. The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to——
- Sir Pet. On, damn your sentiments!

 [Exeunt Sir Peter and Joseph Surface, talking

Act Fifth.

Scene I.

The Library in Joseph Surface's House.

Enter Joseph Surface and Servant.

- Jos. Surf. Mr Stanley! and why should you think I would see him? you must know he comes to ask something.
- Ser. Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr Rowley came to the door with him.
- Jos. Surf. Psha! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations!—Well, why don't you show the fellow up?

Ser. I will, sir.—Why, sir, it was not my fault 10 that Sir Peter discovered my lady——

Jos. Surf. Go, fool! — [Exit Servant.] Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before! My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humour to listen to other people's distresses! I sha'n't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on Stanley.—So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however.

[Exit.

Enter Sir Oliver Surface and Rowley.

Sir Oliv. What! does he avoid us? That was he, was it not?

Row. It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

Sir Olivo. Oh, plague of his nerves! Yet this is he whom Sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

Row. As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend

to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

- Sir Oliv. Yet he has a string of charitable sentiments at his fingers' ends.
- Row. Or, rather, at his tongue's end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that Charity begins at home.
- Sir Oliv. And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stars abroad at all.
- Row. I doubt you'll find it so; but he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and you know, immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

Sir Oliv. True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

Row. Without losing a moment. [Exit. Sir Oliv. I don't like the complaisance of his features.

Re-enter Joseph Surface.

Jos. Surf. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting.—Mr Stanley, I presume.

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- Sir Oliv. At your service.
- Jos. Surf. Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down—I entreat you, sir.
- Sir Oliv. Dear sir—there's no occasion.—[Aside.]
 Too civil by half!
- Jos. Surf. I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr Stanley; but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, I think, Mr Stanley?
- Sir Oliv. I was, sir; so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.
- Jos. Surf. Dear sir, there needs no apology;—he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was one of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.
- Sir Oliv. If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.
- Jos. Surf. I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.
- Sir Oliv. I should not need one—my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his 80

bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

Jos. Surf. My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have thought otherwise, and for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

Sir Oliv. What! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas?

Jos Surf. Oh, dear sir, nothing of the kind! No, no; a few presents now and then—china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats and Indian crackers—little more, believe me.

Sir Oliv. Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds!—Avadavats and Indian crackers! [Aside.

Jos. Surf. Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother: 100 there are very few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

Sir Oliv. Not I, for one! [Aside.

Jos Surf. The sums I have lent him! Indeed I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an

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amiable weakness; however, I don't pretend to defend it—and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr Stanley, as my heart dictates.

Sir Oliv. [Aside.] Dissembler!--[Aloud.] Then, sir, you can't assist me?

Jos. Surf. At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

Sir Oliv. I am extremely sorry-

Jos. Surf. Not more than I, believe me; to pity, without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

Sir Oliv. Kind sir, your most obedient humble 120

Jos. Surf. You leave me deeply affected, Mr Stanley.

--- William, be ready to open the door.

Calls to Servant

Sir Oliv. Oh, dear sir, no ceremony.

Jos. Surf. Your very obedient.

Sir Oliv. Your most obsequious.

Jos. Surf. You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

Sir Oliv. Sweet sir, you are too good!

Jos. Surf. In the meantime I wish you health and 130 spirits.

Sir Oliv. Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

Jos. Surf. Sir, yours as sincerely.

Sir Oliv. [Aside.] Now I am satisfied. [Exil

Jos. Surf. This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity 140 is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead of it makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

Re-enter Rowley.

Row. Mr Surface, your servant: I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business demands immediate attention, as this note will inform you.

Jos. Surf. Always happy to see Mr Rowley,—a rascal. — [Aside. Reads the letter.] Sir 150 Oliver Surface!—My uncle arrived!

Row. He is, indeed: we have just parted-quite

well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

Jos. Surf. I am astonished!—William! stop Mr Stanley, if he's not gone. [Calls to Servant

Row. Oh! he's out of reach, I believe.

Jos. Surf. Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

Row. I thought you had particular business. But 1 160 must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

Jos. Surf. So he says. Well, I am strongely overjoyed at his coming.—[Aside.] Never, to be sure, was anything so damned unlucky!

Row. You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

Jos. Surf. Oh! I'm overjoyed to hear it.—[Ande.]
Just at this time!

Row. I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him.

Jos. Surf. Do, do; pray give my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him.—
[Exit Rowley.] Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruellest piece of ill fortune. [Exit.

Scene II.

A Room in Sir Peter Teazle's House.

Enter Mrs Candour and Maid.

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

Mrs Can. Did you tell her it was her friend Mrs

Maid. Yes, ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

Mrs Can. Do go again; I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for 1 am sure she must be in great distress. — [Exit Maid.]

Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

Enter Sir Benjamin Backbite.

Oh, dear Sir Benjamin! you have heard, I suppose——

Sir Ben. Of Lady Teazle and Mr Surface—— Mrs Can. And Sir Peter's discovery——

Sir Ben. Oh, the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

Mrs Can. Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am so sorry for all parties, indeed.

- Sir Ben. Now, I don't pity Sir Peter at all: he was so extravagantly partial to Mr Surface.
- Mrs Can. Mr Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles Lady Teazle was detected.
- Sir Ben. No, no, 1 tell you: Mr Surface is the gallant.
- Mrs Can. No such thing! Charles is the man.

 'Twas Mr Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.
- Sir Ben. I tell you I had it from one-
- Sir Ben. Who had it from one, who had it-
- Mrs Can. From one immediately. But here comes Lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair.

Enter Lady Sneerwell.

- Lady Sneer. So, my dear Mrs Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend Lady Teazle!
- Mrs Can. Ay, my dear friend, who would have 40 thought-

- Lady Sneer. Well, there is no trusting appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.
- Mrs Can. To be sure, her manners were a little too free; but then she was so young!
- Lady Sneer. And had, indeed, some good qualities.

 Mrs Can. So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?
- Lady Sneer. No; but every body says that Mr
- Sir Ben. Ay, there; I told you Mr Surface was the man.
- Mrs Can. No, no: indeed the assignation was with Charles.
- Lady Sneer. With Charles! You alarm me, Mrs Candour!
- Mrs Can. Yes, yes; he was the lover. Mr Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.
- Sir Ben. Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not——
- Mrs Can. Sir Peter's wound! Oh, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.
- Lady Sneer. Nor I, a syllable.

Sir Ben. No! what, no mention of the duel?

Mrs Can. Not a word.

Sir Ben. Oh, yes: they fought before they left the room.

Lady Sneer. Pray, let us hear.

Mrs Can. Ay, do oblige us with the duel.

Sir Ben. Sir, says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, you are a most ungrateful fellow.

Mrs Can. Ay, to Charles ____

Sir Ben. No, no—to Mr Suiface—a most ungrateful fellow; and old as I am, sir, says he, I insist on immediate satisfaction.

Mrs Can. Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr Surface should fight in his 80 own house.

Str Ben. Gad's life, ma'an, not at all—giving me immediate satisfaction.—On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with awords—

Enter Crabtree.

Crab. With pistols, nephew, pistols! I have it from undoubted authority.

110

- Mrs Can. Oh, Mr Crabtree, then it is all true!
- Crab. Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded——
- Sir Ben. By a thrust in segoon quite through his left side
- Crab. By a bullet lodged in the thorax.
- Mrs Can. Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter!
- Grab. Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.
- Mrs Can. I told you who it was; I knew Charles was the person.
- Sir Ben. My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.
- Crab. But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude——
- Sir Ben. That I told you, you know----
- Crab. Do, nephew, let me speak !--and insisted on immediate----
- Sir Ben. Just as I said-

Grab. Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too! A pair of pistols lay on the bureau (for Mr Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend,

who has a son at Eton), so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

Sir Ben. I heard nothing of this.

Grab. Sir Peter forced Charles to take one, and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's 120 shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but, what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

Sir Ben. My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the true one, for all that.

Lady Sneer. [Aside.] I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. [Exil.

Sir Ben. Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

Grab. Yes, yes, they certainly do say—but that's neither here nor there.

Mrs Can. But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

Crab. Oh! they brought him home, and he is now 140

in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

Mrs Can. I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

Crab. Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

. Sir Ben. Hey! who comes here?

Crab. Oh, this is he: the physician, depend on 't.

Mrs Can. Oh, certainly! it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

Enter Sir Oliver Surface.

Crab. Well, doctor, what hopes?

Mrs Can. Ay, doctor, how's your patient?

Sir Ben. Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a smallsword?

Crab. A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred!
Sir Oliv. Doctor! a wound with a small-sword!
and a bullet in the thorax!—Oons! are you
mad, good people?

Sir Ben. Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

Sir Oliv. Truly, I am to thank you for my degree, 160 if I am.

Crab. Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident?

180

Sir Oliv. Not a word !

Crab. Not of his being dangerously wounded?

Sir Oliv. The devil he is!

Sir Ben. Run through the body-

Crab. Shot in the breast-

Sir Ben. By one Mr Surface-

Crab. Ay, the younger.

Sir Oliv. Hey! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts: however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

Sir Ben. Oh, yes, we agree in that.

Crab. Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

Sir Oliv. Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes, walking as if nothing at all was the matter.

Enter Sir Peter Teazle.

Odds heart, Sir Peter! you are come in good time, I promise you; for we had just given you over!

Sir Ben. [Aside to Crabtree.] Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery!

Sir Oliv. Why, man! what do you out of bed with

a small-sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax?

Sir Pet. A small-sword and a bullet!

Sir Oliv. Ay; these gentlemen would have killed 190 you without law or physic, and wanted to dub me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

Sir Pet. Why, what is all this?

Sir Ben. We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

Sir Pet. So, 80; all over the town already! [Aside. Crab. Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years.

Sir Pet. Sir, what business is that of yours?

Mrs Can. Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

Sir Pet. Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it.

Sir Ben. However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

Sir Pet. Sir, sir! I desire to be master in my own house.

Crab. 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort. 210
Sir Pet. I insist on being left to myself: without

ceremony, I insist on your leaving my house directly!

Mrs Can. Well, well, we are going; and depend on 't, we'll make the best report of it we can.

Sir Pet. Leave my house!

Crab. And tell how hardly you've been treated. [Exit.

Sir Pet. Leave my house!

Sir Ben. And how patiently you bear it. [Exit. 220]

Sir Pet. Flends! vipers! futies! Oh! that their own venom would choke them!

Sir Ohv. They are very provoking indeed, Sir Peter.

Enter Rowley.

Row. I heard high words: what has ruffled you, sir?

Sir Pet. Psha! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations?

Row. Well, I'm not inquisitive.

Sir Oliv. Well, Sir Peter, I have seen both my 230 nephews in the manner we proposed.

Sir Pet. A precious couple they are!

Row. Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

- Sir Oliv. Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.
- Row. Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.
- Sir Oliv. And acts up to the sentiments he professes.
- Row. It certainly is edification to hear him talk.
- Sir Oliv. Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age!—but how's this, Sir Peter? you don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.
- Sir Pet. Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.
- Row. What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life?
- Sir Pet. Psha! plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I 250 shall go mad among you!
- Row. Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr Surface's so humbled, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.
- Sir Pet. And does Sir Oliver know all this?
- Sir Oliv. Every circumstance.
- Sir Pet. What, of the closet and the screen, hey?

Sir Oliv. Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. 260 Oh, I have been vastly diverted with the story! ha! ha! ha!

Sir Pet. 'Twas very pleasant.

Sir Oliv. I never laughed more in my life, I assure you: ah! ah! ah!

Sir Pet. Oh, vastly diverting! ha! ha! ha!

Row. To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments! ha!

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, his sentiments! ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain! 270

Sir Oliv. Ay, and that rogue Charles to pull Sir Peter out of the closet: ha! ha! ha!

Sir Pet. Ha! ha! 'twas devilish entertaining, to be sure!

Sir Oliv. Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha!

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again! 286

Sir Oliv. But come, come, it isn't fair to laugh at you neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

Sir Pet. Oh, pray don't restrain your mirth on my

account: it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing jest for all one's acquaintance a very happy situation. Oh, yes, and then of a morning to read the paragraphs about Mr S—, Lady T—, and Sir P—, will be 290 so entertaining!

Row. Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of foels. But I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

Sir Oliv. Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all presently to Mr Surface's, where I am now 300 returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy.

Sur Pet. Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though 'tis a vile unlucky place for discoveries.

Row. We'll follow. [Exit Sir Oliver Surface Sir Pet. She is not coming here, you see, Rowley. Row. No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

Sir Pet. Certainly a little mortification appears very 310 becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

Row. Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

Sir Pet. Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers evidently intended for Charles?

Row. A mere forgery, Sir Peter! laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

Sir Pet. I wish I were once satisfied of that. She 320 looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

Row. Certainly.

Sir Pet. Though, when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

Row. Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

Sir Pet. I' faith, so I will! and, if I'm not mis- 330 taken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the country.

Row. Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion—

Sir Pet. Hold, Master Rowley! if you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter any thing like a sentiment: I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life. [Exeunt.

Scene III.

The Library in Joseph Surface's House.

Enter Joseph Surface and Lady Sneerwell.

Lady Sneer. Impossible! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of course no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

Jos. Surf. Can passion furnish a remedy?

Lady Sneer. No, nor cunning either. Oh, I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

Jos. Surf. Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness.

Lady Sneer. Because the disappointment doesn't reach your heart; your interest only attached you to Maria. Had you felt for her what I have for that ungrateful libertine, neither your 10

temper nor hypocrisy could prevent your showing the sharpness of your vexation.

Jos. Surf. But why should your reproaches fall on me for this disappointment?

Lady Sneer. Are you not the cause of it? Had you not a sufficient field for your roguery in imposing upon Sir Peter, and supplanting your brother, but you must endeavour to seduce his wife? I hate such an avarice of crimes; 'tis an unfair monopoly, and never prospers.

Jos. Surf. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

Lady Sneer. No!

Jos. Surf. You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us?

Lady Sneer. I do believe so.

Jos. Surf. And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows and honour to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support?

Lady Sneer. This, indeed, might have assisted.

Jos. Surf. Come, come; it is not too late yet.— 40 [Knocking at the door.] But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver: retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he is gone.

Lady Sneer. Well, but if he should find you out too?

Jos. Surf. Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake—and you may depend on it I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

Lady Sneer. I have no diffidence of your abilities: only be constant to one roguery at a time.

Jos. Surf. I will, I will!—[Exit Lady Sneerwell.]
So! 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederate in evil.
Well, at all events, my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly—hey!—
what—this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't that he should return to tease me just now! I shall have Sir Oliver 60 come and find him here—and

Enter Sir Oliver Surface.

Gad's life, Mr Stanley, why have you come

8c

back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

Sir Oliv. Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

Jos. Surf. Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg --- Come any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

Sir Oliv. No: Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted. Jos. Surf. Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

Sir Oliv. Nay, sir-

los. Surf. Sir, I insist on 't!-Here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir, not one moment—this is such insolence.

Going to push him out.

Enter Charles Surface.

Chas. Surf. Heyday! what's the matter now? What the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother, don't hurt little Premium. What's the matter, my little fellow?

Jos. Surf. So! he has been with you too, has he? Chas. Surf. To be sure, he has. Why, he's as

- Sir Pet. Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be mean, treacherous, and hypocritical.
- Lady Teaz. And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call me to his character.
- Sir Pet. Then, I believe, we need add no more: if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to 140 the world.
- Chas. Surf. If they talk this way to Honesty, what will they say to me, by and by?

 [Aside.

 [Sur Peter, Lady Teazle, and Maria retire.
- Jos. Surf. Sir Oliver—uncle, will you honour me with a hearing.
- Chas. Surf. Now, if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a 150 little.
- Sir Oliv. [To Joseph Surface.] I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself?
- Jos. Surf. I trust I could.
- Sir Oliv. [To Charles Surface.] Well, sir!—and you could justify yourself too, I suppose?

Chas. Surf. Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. What!—Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

Chas. Surf. Tiue, sir; but they were family secrets, 160 and should not be mentioned again, you know.

Row. Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

Sir Oliv. Odd's heart, no more I can; nor with gravity either. Sir Peter, do you know the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors; sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

170

Chas. Surf. To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that 's the truth on't. My ancestors may rise in judgment against me, there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you—and upon my soul I would not say so if I was not—that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

180

Sir Oliv. Charles, I believe you. Give me your

hand again: the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

Chas. Surf. Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

Lady Teaz. [Advancing.] Yet, I believe, Sir
Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more
anxious to be reconciled to. [Pointing to Maria.

Sir Oliv. Oh, I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe 190 right—that blush——

Sir Pet. Well, child, speak your sentiments!

Mar. Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me, whatever claim I had to his attention, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

Chas. Surf. How, Maria!

Sir Pet. Heyday! what 's the mystery now? While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that 200 he is likely to reform I'll warrant you won't have him!

Mar. His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the

Chas. Surf. Lady Sneerwell!

Jos. Surf. Brother, it is with great concern I am

obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed. [Opens the door.

Enter Lady Sneerwell.

Sir Pet. So! another French milliner! Egad, he 210 has one in every room in the house, I suppose!

Lady Sneer. Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

Chas. Surf. Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

Jos. Surf. I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

Sir Pet. And that person, I imagine, is Mr Snake.

—Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

Row. Walk in, Mr Snake.

Enter Snake.

I thought his testimony might be wanted: however, it happens unluckily, that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

Lady Sneer. A villain! Treacherous to me at last!

Speak, fellow, have you too conspired against me!

230

Snake. I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons: you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question; but I unfortunately have been offered double to speak the truth.

Sir Pet. Plot and counter-plot, egad! I wish your ladyship joy of your negociation.

1.ady Sneer. The tornients of shame and disappointment on you all!
[Going.

Lady Teaz. Hold, Lady Sneerwell—before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that 240 gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they granted her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

Lady Sneer. You too, madam!—provoking—insolent! May your husband live these fifty 250 years! [Exit.

Sir Pet. Oons! what a fury!

Lady Teaz. A malicious creature, indeed!

Sir Pet. What! not for her last wish?

Lady Teaz. Oh, no!

Sir Oliv. Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

Jos. Surf. Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say: however, lest 260 her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. For the man who attempts [Exit to----

Sir Pet. Moral to the last!

Sir Oliv. Ay, and marry her, Joseph, if you can. Oil and vinegar !-egad you'll do very well together.

Row. I believe we have no more occasion for Mr 27C Snake at present?

Snake. Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

Sir Pet. Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

Snake. But I must request of the company, that it shall never be known.

Sir Pet. Hey! what the plague! are you ashamed

of having done a right thing once in your life?

Snake. Ah, sir, consider—I live by the badness of my character; and, if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

Sir Oliv. Well, well—we'll not traduce you by saying any thing in your praise, never fear.

[Exit Snake.

Sir Pet. There's a precious rogue!

Lady Teaz. See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

290

Sir Oliv. Ay, ay, that 's as it should be, and, egad, we 'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Chas. Surf. Thank you, dear uncle.

Sir Pet. What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first?

Chas. Surf. Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked yes.

Mar. For shame, Charles!—I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word——

Str Oliv. Well, then, the fewer the better; may 300 your love for each other never know abatement.

Sir Pet. And may you live as happily together as Lady Teazle and I intend to do!

Chas. Surf. Rowley, my old triend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

Sir Oliv. You do, indeed, Charles.

Sir Pet. Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

Char. Surf. Why, as to reforming, Si Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it. But here shall be my monitor—my gentle guide.—Ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, shouldst waive thy beauty's away,

Thou still must rule, because I will obey:

An humble fugitive from Folly view,

No sanctuary near but Love and you:

320

[To the audience.

You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove, For even Scandal dies, if you approve.

Exeunt omnes.

All this I told our bard; he smiled, and said 'twas clear,

I ought to play deep tragedy next year. Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,

And in these solemn periods stalked away:-

"Blessed were the fair like you; her faults who stopped

And closed her follies when the curtain dropped!

No more in vice or error to engage,

Or play the fool at large on life's great stage."



Notes.

- A Portrait, addressed to Mrs Crewe. Frances Anne, daughter of Fulke Greville, married, in 1776, John Crewe, who became Baron Crewe in 1806. She was thrice painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and she died in 1818. Frances Burney says, "The elegance of Mrs Sheridan's beauty is unequalled by any I ever saw, except Mrs Crewe." Verses addressed by Fox to Mrs Crewe were printed at Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill Press.
- 39. Granby. Lady Mary Isahella Somerset, youngest daughter of the fourth Duke of Beaufort, was married, in 1775, to Charles Manners, Marquis of Granhy, who became fourth Duke of Rutland in 1779. The Duchess, who lived until 1831, was painted four times by Reynolds.
- · 40. Devon. The famous Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, was the eldest daughter of John, first Earl Spencer She was martied in 1774, and died in 1806
- 96. Greville. Mrs Greville (Walpole's "Pretty Fanny Macartney"), to whom Sheridan dedicated The Grute, was daughter of James Macartney, and mother of Lady Crewe. She wrote verse, including a poetical "Prayer for Indifference," and died in 1789.
- 99. Millar. Anna, Lady Miller, or Millar (1741-1781), married, in 1765, John Miller, who was created an Irish baronet in

- 1778. Lady Miller wrote verses, and kept a literary salon at her house near Bath. Horace Waipole, Johnson, and Miss Burney all speak slightingly of the abilities of "Mrs Calliope Miller."
- I. i. I. The name "Sneerwell" is used in Fielding's Pasquin In an early draft of this seene, Lady Sneerwell is represented as talking at the opening to a Miss Verjuice, a character afterwards suppressed. Another draft began as follows:—
 - " Lady Sneerwell. The paragraphs, you say, were all inserted?
 - "Spatter. They were, madam.
- "Lady S. Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's Intrigue with Captain Boastall?
- "Spat Madam, by this time Lady Brittle is the talk of half the town; and in a week will be treated as a demirep.
- "Lady S. What have you done as to this innuendo of Miss Nicely's fondness for her own footman?
- "Spat. "Tis in a fair train, ma'am. I told it to my hairdresser; he courts a milliner's girl in Pall Mall, whose mistress has a first cousin who is waitings-woman to Lady Clackit. I think in about fourteen hours it must reach Lady Clackit, and then, you know, the business is done.
 - "Lady S. But is that sufficient, do you think?
- "Spai. Oh, Lud, ma'am! I'll undertake to ruin the character of the primmest prude in London with half as much. Ha, ha! Did your ladyship never hear how poor Miss Shepherd lost her lover and her character last summer at Scarborough? This was the whole of it. One evening at Lady ——'s, the conversation happened to turn on the difficulty of feeding Nova Scotia sheep in England," &e

- I. i. 23. The Trum and Country Migizine. This magazine earned for itself notoriety by publishing tête-à-tête portraits of well known persons, men and women, easy of identification, with tetterpress suggesting scandalous relations between them
- I. 1. 56 a lind of guardian. In a MS, revised by Sheridan, "a kind of" is deleted, and for "the youngest" we find "the other," and "a widow" for "the widow of a city knight."
- I. i. 70. Mr Surface. A Mrs Surface, a scandal-monger who kept a Bath lodging-house, appears in Mrs Frances Sheridan's unpublished comedy, A Journey to Bath.
- I. I. 439. The Old Jewry was the resort of Jews, and contained the Lord Mayor's Court.
- I. i. 442. The Irish tontine. After the defeat of the Absentee Bill in the Irish House of Commons in 1773, it was necessary to find new resources, owing to the great increase of the National Debt. In order to meet immediate wants, £265,000 were raised by the method of Tontine Annuities and Stamp Duties (Leeky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," iv. 414).
- * II. i, 119, rid on a hurdle. The cart on which criminals were taken to execution.
 - "Settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither."

 Romeo and Juliet, Act III Se v
- II. ii. 15 macaronies. The name for dandies which was popular at the end of the last century.
- II. ii 99. a character dead at every word. In the Rape of the Lock Pope wrote, "At every word a reputation dies."

The School

Notes

- II. ii. 120. the Ring. A circle for riding in Hyde Park, partly destroyed when the Serpentine was formed. It was a fashionable promenade in the eighteenth century.
- II. ii. 219 I would have late merchant for them too. An unusual expression for "mercantile law."
- II. ii. 301. cicibeo. The name applied in Italy to the gallant of a married woman.
- III. i. 33. "a heart to pity," &c. Shakespeare's words are, "He nath a tear for pity," &c. (2 Henry IV., IV. iv.).
- III. 1. 151. the annuty bill. In 1777 a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to enquire into the laws concerning usury and annuties; and on its report in May, the month in which this play was first acted, a bill was brought in and passed, providing that all contracts with minors for annuities shall be void, and that those procuring them, and solicitors charging more than ten shillings per cent., shall be subject to fine and imprisonment (Brander Matthews).
- III. ii, 33. bags and bouquets. In an early draft Sheridan used these words with reference to Lady Teazle's extravagance. The "bag" was a small silken pouch which contained the back hair of a wig.
- III. iii, 58. This song was evidently suggested by a song in Suckling's The Goblins (Act II, sc. i.);—

"A health to the nut-brown lass,
With the hazel eyes: let it pass," &c.

We know that Sheridan copied out various scenes from The

- III. iii. 102. Re-enter Trip, with Sir Oliver Surface. In Mis Frances Sheridan's "Sidney Biddulph," an East Indian uncle returns to test a nephew and a niece. Parallels have also been drawn, without much reason, with scenes in Foote's Miner and Author
- IV. iii. 16. Draw that wreen before the window. Critics have pointed out that the hiding of Ludy Teazle behind the screen placed her in full view of the maiden lady who lived opposite, but, of course, Joseph Surface had no idea, in placing the screen, that Lady Teazle would run behind it.
- IV. iii. 583. This line may be an interpolation by some actor, who thought it would form a more effective "curtain." It is not printed by Moore or Leigh Hunt in their editions, but it is to be found in some of the earliest editions of the play.
- V. i. 92. pagodar. Silver or gold coms, formerly current in India, of various values
- V. i. 95. avadavats. The strawberry finely, a small Indian song bird (Notes and Queries, slath series, ii. 198,
- V. ii. 95. A thrust in segoon. A corruption of "segunde," the Spanlsh form of the French feneing term, "seconde." A thrust in segoon is a thrust delivered low, under the adversary's blade, with the hand in the tierce position, that is, with the knickles upwards and the wrist turned downwards (Brander Matthews)
- V. II. 115 The Montem was a triennial ceremony of the Eron boys. It consisted of a procession on Whit Tuesday to a mound (ad montem) near the Bath Road, where the boys exacted money from the passers by, to meet the expenses at the University of the

captain or senior scholar. Salthill is in Buckinghamshire, near Slough.

Epilogue. George Colman, proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre. wrote a number of plays.

- 5. Bayer, in the Duke of Buckingham's Reheartal, was a satire on Dryden.
- 32. Farewell the tranquil mind. A parody upon Othello's speech (Othello, III. iii.):—
 - Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content! Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars, That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-pierong fife, The royal banner, and all quality, Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war! And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit, Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
- 36. Spadille, &c. "Spadille," in the game of ombre, was the ace of spades, "pam," the knave of clubs, and "basto," the ace of clubs

